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ground, and devour it downwards to the tail, which with the head the dainty animal rejected. When fish could not be procured, she would eat, but sparingly, of bread and milk, as well as the lean of raw meat; fat she could on no account be prevailed upon to touch.

Towards other animals my otter for a long period maintained an appearance of perfect indifference. If a dog approached her suddenly, she would utter a sharp, whistling noise, and betake herself to some place of safety: if pursued, she would turn and show fight. If the dog exhibited no symptoms of hostility, she would presently return to her place at the fireside, where she would lie basking for hours at a time.

When I first obtained this animal, there was no water sufficiently near to where I lived in which I could give her an occasional bath; and being apprehensive, that, if entirely deprived of an element in which nature had designed her to pass so considerable a portion of her existence, she would languish and die, I allowed her a tub as a substitute for her native river; and in this she plunged and swam with much apparent delight. It was in this manner that I became acquainted with the curious fact, that the otter, when passing along beneath the surface of the water, does not usually accomplish its object by swimming, but by walking along the bottom, which it can do as securely and with as much rapidity as it can run on dry land.

After having had my otter about a year, I changed my residence to another quarter of the town, and the stream well known to all who have seen Edinburgh as the "Water of Leith," flowed past the rear of the house. The creature being by this time so tame as to be allowed perfect liberty, I took it down one evening to the river, and permitted it to disport itself for the first time since its capture in a deep and open stream. The animal was delighted with the new and refreshing enjoyment, and I found that a daily swim in the river greatly conducted to its health and happiness. I would sometimes walk for nearly a mile along the bank, and the happy and frolicsome creature would accompany me by water, and that too so rapidly that I could not even by very smart walking keep pace with it. On some occasions it caught small fish, such as minnows, eels, and occasionally a trout of inconsiderable size. When it was only a minnow or a small eel which it caught, it would devour it in the water, putting its head for that purpose above the surface: when, however, it had made a trout its prey, it would come to shore, and devour it more at leisure. I strove very assiduously to train this otter to fish for me, as I had heard they have sometimes been taught to do; but I never could succeed in this attempt, nor could I even prevail upon the animal to give me up at any time the fish which she had taken: the moment I approached her to do so, as if suspecting my intention, she would at once take to the water, and, crossing to the other side of the stream, devour her prey in security. This difficulty in training I impute to the animal's want of an individual affection for me, for it was not affection, but her own pleasure, which induced her to follow me down the stream; and she would with equal willingness follow any other person who happened to release her from her box. This absence of affection was probably nothing more than peculiarity of disposition in this individual, there being numerous instances of a contrary nature upon record.

Although this otter failed to exhibit those affectionate traits of character which have displayed themselves in other individuals of her tribe towards the human species, she was by no means of a cold or unsocial disposition towards some of my smaller domestic animals. With an Angora cat she soon after I got her formed a very close friendship, and when in the house was unhappy when not in the company of her friend. I had one day an opportunity of witnessing a singular display of attachment on the part of this otter towards the cat:—A little terrier dog attacked the latter as she lay by the fire, and driving her thence, pursued her under the table, where she stood on her defence, spitting and setting up her back in defiance: at this instant the otter entered the apartment, and no sooner did she perceive what was going on, than she flew with much fury and bitterness upon the dog, seized him by the face with her teeth, and would doubtless have inflicted a severe chastisement upon him, had I not hastened to the rescue, and, separating the combatants, expelled the terrier from the room.

When permitted to wander in the garden, this otter would search for grubs, worms, and snails, which she would eat with much apparent relish, detaching the latter from their shell with surprising quickness and dexterity. She would likewise mount upon the chairs at the window, and catch and eat flies

—a practice which I have not as yet seen recorded in the natural history of this animal. I had this otter in my possession nearly two years, and have in the above sketch mentioned only a few of its most striking peculiarities. Did I not fear encroaching on space which is perhaps the property of another contributor, I could have carried its history to a much greater length.

H. D. R.

RANDOM SKETCHES.—No. II.

AN AMERICAN NOBLEMAN.

THERE reached our city, on the morning of the 29th day of July, and sailed from it on the night of the 31st, the most remarkable person perhaps by whom our shores have been lately visited. Were we to second our own feelings, we would apply a higher epithet to William Lloyd Garrison, but we have chosen one in which we are persuaded all parties would agree who partook of his intercourse, however much they may differ from each other and from him in principle and in practice. The object of this short paper is to leave on the pages of our literature some record of an extraordinary individual, who is a literary man himself, being the editor and proprietor of a successful newspaper published at Boston in Massachusetts; but his name may be best recommended to our readers in connection with that of the well-known George Thompson, whose eloquence was so powerful an auxiliary to the unnumbered petitions which at length wrung from our legislature the just but expensive emancipation of the West Indian negroes. Community of action and of suffering, as leaders for the rights of the black and coloured population of the United States, has rendered them bosom friends, and each has a child called after the name of the other. Thompson is now a denizen of the United Kingdom; but while we write, Garrison is crossing the broad Atlantic to encounter new dangers: comparatively safe at home, his life is forfeited whenever he ventures to pass the moral line of demarcation which separates the free from the slave states—*forfeited* so surely as there is a rifle in Kentucky or a bowie knife in Alabama.

We have set Garrison down as "an American nobleman," and the "peerage" in which we look for his titles and dignities is "The Martyr Age of the United States of America," by Harriet Martineau—a writer to whom none will deny the possession of discrimination, which is all we contend for. "William Lloyd Garrison is one of God's nobility—the head of the moral aristocracy, whose prerogatives we are contemplating. It is not only that he is invulnerable to injury—that he early got the world under his feet in a way which it would have made Zeno stroke his beard with a complacency to witness; but that in his meekness, his sympathies, his self-forgetfulness, he appears 'covered all over with the stars and orders' of the spiritual realm whence he derives his dignities and his powers. At present he is a marked man wherever he turns. The faces of his friends brighten when his step is heard: the people of colour almost kneel to him; and the rest of society jeers, pelts, and execrates him. Amidst all this, his glad some life rolls on, 'too busy to be anxious, and too loving to be sad.' He springs from his bed singing at sunrise; and if during the day tears should cloud his serenity, they are never shed for himself. His countenance of steady compassion gives hope to the oppressed, who look to him as the Jews looked to Moses. It was this serene countenance, saint-like in its earnestness and purity, that a man bought at a print-shop, where it was exposed without a name, and hung up as the most apostolic face he ever saw. It does not alter the case that the man took it out of the frame, and hid it when he found that it was Garrison who had been adorning his parlour." And he can be no common man of whom it is recorded in the work to which we have already alluded, that, on starting a newspaper for the advocacy of abolition principles, "Garrison and his friend Knapp, a printer, were ere long living in a garret, on bread and water, expending all their spare earnings and time on the publication, and that when it sold particularly well (says Knapp), we treated ourselves with a bowl of milk."—*The Martyr Age of the United States of America*, p. 5.

As we are not writing his memoir, we refer such of our readers as may be curious to inquire further into the subject to the pamphlet just cited, and to the chapter headed "Garrison," in the work on America by the same writer. To one extraordinary feature of his character, however, we cannot forbear adverting. He belongs to a society instituted for the

apparently negative purpose of *non-resistance*, and is therefore the safest of all antagonists. Buffet as you list the head and sides of W. L. Garrison, and you receive no buffet in return. That this is owing to no deficiency of personal courage, admits of demonstration. Neither the prison into which he was cast when a mere lad in one state, the price set on his head in another, nor the tar-kettle to which he would on one occasion have been dragged but for a stout arm that came to his rescue, has been able to make Garrison swerve from what he considers to be his line of duty. Another cause of this disposition to passive endurance must be sought, and it is easily found: *he is in love*—deeply in love with all mankind. His principle is to “resist not evil;” and he acts upon it to the fullest extent. In fact, he appears to be several centuries in advance of his time, and to live in a millennium of his own creating.

We shall only add, that the effect which this remarkable man produced on the minds of those who accompanied him while in Dublin, was of a very peculiar nature. Among these were persons of various sects and parties, and of all varieties of temperament, but nearly all seemed to concur in their estimate of his character. Though many seemed to think that he carried out the great principle of love to an unnecessary extent, none seemed able to gainsay his reasonings. Here and there tears were seen to start, not called forth by any sublime sentiment or tender emotion to which he had given words at the moment, but educed as it were by the abstract contemplation of the image of intense virtue which he represented; and most agreed in the opinion, that of all individuals with whom they had ever been acquainted, he was the one of whom it could be with most justice asserted, that none could hold much intercourse with him without becoming better. His Dublin Host sailed to Liverpool on Monday evening for the mere purpose of enjoying his company for three hours more, which was all the arrangements the Boston steamer would permit, in which he was to leave Liverpool on Tuesday.

It would be an act of great injustice to close this article without making some mention of Garrison's congenial friend and companion Nathaniel Peabody Rogers of Plymouth, in New Hampshire, also the editor and proprietor of a newspaper, of whom, however, we shall only say, that if (as the phrase goes) *anything happened* to W. L. Garrison, he is the man who would be ready to occupy his place in the admiration and execration of America. G. D.

TIME.—Time is the most undefinable yet most paradoxical of things: the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past even while we attempt to define it, and, like the flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires. Time is the measure of all things, but is itself immeasurable, and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so, if it had. It is more in its source than the Nile, and its termination, than the Niger; and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain, and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house; it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle, yet the most insatiable of depredators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all, nor can it be satisfied until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight; and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the sages discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies; but he that has made it his enemy, will have little to hope from his friends.—*Burn's Youthful Piety.*

DIFFIDENCE.—A man gets along faster with a sensible married woman in hours than with a young girl in whole days. It is next to impossible to make them talk, or to reach them. They are like a green walnut: there are half a dozen outer coats to be pulled off, one by one and slowly, before you reach the kernel of their characters.

APOLOGUES AND FABLES,

IN PROSE AND VERSE, FROM THE GERMAN AND OTHER LANGUAGES.

No. IV.—THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE

A TRANSLATION FROM GOETHE.

Joyous with youth, an Eagle spread his pinions
One sunny summer day,
And through the wilderness of Air's dominions
Arose in quest of prey,
When, lo! the forest-ranger's musquet roared,
And struck him as he soared,
Shattering the tendons of one buoyant wing,
And down to earth he fell, poor wounded thing!
Deep in the hollow of a grassy grove,
Where sleepy myrtles bloomed, and dark boughs wove
A trellis-curtain to shut out the sun,
He lay for three long days, with none
To tend him in that lowly lair,
And fed for three long nights upon his heart's despair!
All-healing Nature brought at length
Relief at least from agonizing pain,
And some return of youthful strength.
Feebly he leaves his couch and crawls along,
And tries to raise his wing—alas! in vain—
The glory has departed from the Strong,
And henceforth he can only hope to gain
A mean prey from the surface of that earth
Which gives the worm and beetle birth.
In mournful mood he rests beside a stream;
He looks up towards the tall majestic trees
Whose tops are waving to the mountain-breeze;
He sees the sun's unconquerable beam
Shine forth; he gazes on his native skies,
And tears gush from his eyes.

While Sorrow thus oppressed the noble Bird.
A rustling sound was heard—
A flutter as of soft wings through the grove—
And presently a Turtle-Dove
Alighted on a myrtle-bough near.
He saw the Eagle droop his kingly head;
He saw tear after tear
Fall from his eyes into the dark rill under,
And sentiments of Pity, blent with Wonder,
Troubled his tender breast. My friend, he said,
Thou grievest! What has made thee grieve?
Thou showest thy wing—Ah! thou art maimed for life!
Well! what of that? Thou shouldst rejoice to leave
A world whose very pleasures must be won by Strife!
For, hast thou not around thee here
All blessings that can make Existence dear?
When high the noontide sunbeam burns,
Yield not these latticed walls a soothing shade?
When starry Night again returns,
Doth not her lamp light up this pleasant glade?
The soft winds bring thee odours from yon orange bowers;
Almost thy very path lies over flowers!
The trees around thee, the rich earth below,
Teem with luxuriance of sweet fruits for food;
The rapid and resounding flood
That rushes downward from the mountain
Flows here, will here for ever flow,
Diminished to a silver fountain
That sings its way o'er golden sands,
Fringed by the lily and young violet.
Here hast thou all a placid soul demands!
What wouldst thou more? Or, canst thou still regret
A barren world, which only lures and juggles
Its dupes to leave them doubly sad and lonely?
My friend! Mind was not made to spend itself in struggles!
True Happiness lies in Contentment only,
And true Contentment ever dwells apart
From Competition and Ambition—brooks
All wants—is rich though poor, and strong when weakest!
Ah, Wise One! spake the Eagle—and his looks
Betrayed the unaltered anguish of his heart—
Ah, Wisdom! ever thus, and thus in vain, thou speakest!

M.